

EAST END.

What "M" Sees and Hears on His Rounds in Country and in Town.

Abbeville, S. C., June 10, 1903.

MERRY MERRY, MARRIAGE BELLS CHIME ON.

Mr. William Penny, of this city will today, lead to the marriage altar Miss Alma Spearman, one of Anderson's fairest, and most charming young women. The marriage ceremony will be conducted by Rev. P. B. Wells at the home of the bride. Mr. Penny is one of Abbeville's best known and most successful business men. He is a native of Abbeville and has been engaged in the mercantile business at Abbeville for many years. He is a member of the Abbeville Chamber of Commerce and is well known to all who do business in this city. He is a man of high character and is highly respected by all who know him. He is a man of high character and is highly respected by all who know him.

CROMER-BURNSE.

Invitations are being announced the marriage of Miss Mary Cromer to Mr. James T. Burnse, of Columbia, S. C., on June 24, 1903.

GIFFEN-PHILIP.

Invitations are being announced the marriage of Miss Margaret Giffen of Due West, to Dr. F. W. Philip of North Carolina, on the 21 June, 1903.

Dr. Edgar A. McMillan and his charming bride of Peizer are visiting relatives in the city.

OUR COLLEGE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Are now in the city for their summer vacation and will be the guests of many of the city's best families. They are a fine set of young people and are well known to all who know them.

MR. W. C. BROWN AND RURAL ROUTES.

Mr. W. C. Brown, special Agent, was here last week as already noted for the purpose of locating two more R. F. D. Routes from Abbeville. He is a man of high character and is highly respected by all who know him. He is a man of high character and is highly respected by all who know him.

NEWS SUGGESTION ON ROUTE NO. 8.

After a delightful visit to Clemons Commencement, and friends the following young ladies returned last Saturday to their respective homes at Lebanon: Miss Lucy and Miss Mamie Eakin.

Miss Maggie Evans after a pleasant visit to friends in Chester and a delightful trip to the Commencement exercises of Winthrop College at Rock Hill, returned home last week.

Mr. W. D. Wilson, accompanied by his nephew, Master Francis Link, spent last week most delightfully with relatives at Charleston. He is a man of high character and is highly respected by all who know him.

Mr. John Bass is home from Georgia for a few days helping Gilliam Brothers with their machinery. He is a man of high character and is highly respected by all who know him.

Messrs. Gilliam Brothers have been overhauling their machinery and are now ready for business. They are a fine set of young people and are well known to all who know them.

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A City Courtship.

The proper place for courting, by the story-books reporting.

Is some lone or meadow pathway out of the city.

With the sweetest blowing over the fields of beans and clover.

And the sweetest blowing westward as the sun goes down.

But I've met little Sally At the mouth of Dawson's alley.

As we walked along together toward the city.

'Mid the jostling crowd that passes 'Neath the glaring lamps and gases.

'Neath the shouting of the drivers, and the newsboy's calls.

And the lily of the valley That I gave my little Sally.

Was the faded penny bouquet that a flower girl gave.

She never said a word of love, but she said she loved me.

For the lily of the valley, Dreamland that's beyond Bow Bells.

Oh, it pains me in our walking— All the odds and ends of fate.

And the folks that brush past passing, and the glances bold.

But though evil things may touch her, They can never hurt or smother her.

For she turns the dirt to sweetness, as a flower turns the dew to gold.

Nay, it's not in country places, Nor in the city's busy streets.

Out of sight and sound of evil, that a pure heart grows.

But in the city's busy streets, In the heart of the city's heart.

For the pure heart that a pure heart grows, In the heart of the city's heart.

When my little Sally's sweetest found me, I was like the men around me.

I was coarse and low, and selfish as the best that dies.

But her sweetest found me, And my heart was changed within me.

And I learned to pray from gazing in my darling's eyes.

—London Spectator.

Sandy Land.

June 9, 1903.

Mr. George Anderson spent last Saturday night in Sandy Land the guest of Mr. Eugene Purdy.

Mr. J. S. Williams of Sharon visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, of Darraughes, accompanied by their little son Joe, visited relatives here Saturday.

Miss Lee Sprouse, accompanied by her sister, Miss Sarah Evans and Miss Mamie Eakin, visited relatives here Saturday.

Mr. L. C. Haskell of the city visited relatives here Saturday.

Mr. Arthur Fleming a very intelligent young man from Darraughes visited here Sunday night.

Mr. Lawrence Robertson of the city visited in Sandy Land Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Charles Fleming of Bethel, accompanied by his sister Miss Ella visited friends here Sunday.

Mr. Miller of the city made a quick visit to Sandy Land Sunday afternoon. Mr. Miller is a very pleasant young man and we always welcome these kind of visits.

Mr. Carl Milford, of Anteville made a very pleasant call here Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Glen and Mrs. G. A. Neuffer of Cedar Springs, visited here Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Gordon of the city visited in Sandy Land Sunday afternoon.

Mr. E. B. White went to Sharon Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Eugene Purdy made a very pleasant call here Sunday.

Messrs. Frank Fleming and Ralph Sprouse attended services at Ebenezer Sunday.

—Brown Eyes.

June 15, 1903.

Brown Eyes is it her post again and will send in a few notes picked up here and there in Sandy Land.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Wilson, of Hanter's, and the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Howard, visited here Sunday.

Miss Lily Purdy attended services at Cedar Springs Sunday.

Mr. W. D. Cates, a very handsome man of the city, visited in Sandy Land last week. He was very pleasantly in the city with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Adams accompanied by their nephew Master Sam Adams spent last Wednesday in Due West.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

The Little Streets.

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Benjie.

"I'll be by and by," says Seth.

"Not now—pretty soon," says Sammie.

"In a minute," says little Beth.

Oh, dear little people, remember That, true as the stars in the sky,

The little streets of tomorrow, Pretty soon and by-and-by,

Lead, one and all, As straight, they say,

To the city of Not at All!

—Annie H. Donnell in Youth's Companion.

If I Were You.

If I were you, I'd see my path of duty

So plain as the road to the city or beach.

Or take a bit of pleasure by the way.

From life's beginning straightway to its end.

I'd be so strong, so faithful and so true,

I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I'd live upon a pittance

And save up money for a rainy day.

And never buy a pretty gown or jewel

Or take a bit of pleasure by the way.

And then I'd be so cheerful, never blue,

I would, if I were you.

If I were you and friends that knew you long

Would hurt and wound, advice unasked would give.

I'd be so faithful, constant through and through,

I would, if I were you.

If I were you and found some gentle woman

Who gave you sweetness, trust and sympathy,

I would not turn to them for consolation,

But seek my own true friendship there.

Nor try to find a broader mental view.

Ah, no; I would not—not if I were you.

—Anna Olcott Comella.

Child and Mother.

O mother, my love, if you'll give me your hand

And go where I ask you to wander,

I'll tell you of a beautiful land.

The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

We'll walk in the sweetest garden out there

Where moonlight and starlight are streaming

And the flowers and the birds are filling the air.

With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired out boy to undress,

No questions or cares to perplex you;

There'll be no little bruises or bumps to care for.

No patching of stockings to vex you.

For I'll rock you away on the silver dew stream.

And sing you asleep when you're weary,

And no one shall know of our little dream.

But you and your own little dream.

And when I am tired I'll settle my head

On your knee and I'll tell you of it.

And the wide awake stars shall shine in my dream.

A song which my dreaming shall soften.

So, mother, my love, let me take your dear hand,

And away through the starlight we'll wander.

Away through the mist to the beautiful land.

The dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—Eugene Field.

The Mirror.

My mirror tells me that my face is fair,

And can I doubt but that it tells me true?

My mirror tells me that I have golden hair

And cheeks like the wild rose and eyes of blue.

I say, "Do I indeed these charms possess,

O trusty glass?" My mirror answers "Yes."

When lovers' tales this heart all free from care

Have sufficed with flattery-cloping sweet,

Oh! tell me, mirror, of the things that are true.

And cry: "O mirror, is this all deceit?

Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"

Then doth my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray, for well I know

That when life's shades have lost their rosy hue

I must one day unto my mirror go

And say, "Oh, tell me, mirror, is it true

That every day my youthful charms grow less?"

Then must my trusty mirror answer "Yes."

And, oh, I trust that in that later day,

The time of silver hair and fading sight,

When I unto my looking glass shall gaze,

Unasked children asleep behind the parlor door,

While large-eyed, placid women nurse babies quite unabashed

As they crouched on the floor in the hallways.

These servants have their home, their clothes, food, and from two to five pesos a month. In a way, I suppose, they earn this money, as they nonchalantly polish the hard wood floors or tirelessly flap the dust from the center of tables and chairs.

They sit on the floor in kitchens in front of a pan of water and wash the dishes that are piled up around them, and stack them sideways along the wall to dry. Surely their ways are not ours, and it is a shock to the nerves to see a kitchen in the heat of preparation for a banquet of which one is to partake later. It required some skill to pass between the various dishes being prepared on the floor, where cats and dogs and babies, meats and fruits and vegetables, seem hopelessly jumbled up. I always forget about it later, for a delicious dinner will almost always come forth from the chaos. Many of these servants have lived all their lives in one family. They feel themselves dependent on their masters, and the idea of their going away or being dismissed never occurs to either master or servant. There is consequently a family feeling between them, and a freedom of intercourse that we, Democrats though we are, would not tolerate. A friend told me that his head servant always remonstrates with him when he disappears any course of action, and sometimes I have witnessed an altercation between the mistress and a maid in which the maid prevailed. At one house I remember, there was a difference of opinion at dinner as to the kind of wine to be served, and the servant had his way; yet they are not considered impertinent by their masters.

Southern Railway Schedule.

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